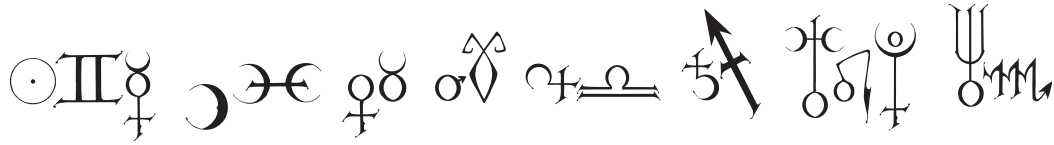


P*****



Chapter three a late spring night,
Beginning again a great rewrite,
Mystic forest ancestral path –
Story teller mastering the craft.

Silky clouds veiled moon,
Chattering cattails calling loon,
Sweet as honey complex as flowers –
In his mind for hours and hours.

Logical compassionate spiritual dimensions,
Thought escaping failing conventions,
Living time in a different light –
A narrative bridging left and right.

How to make heaven from a place like this,
Yours mostly turns on friendliness –
No less of course the goal set,
How deep digging how much bet.